

# The Mirror

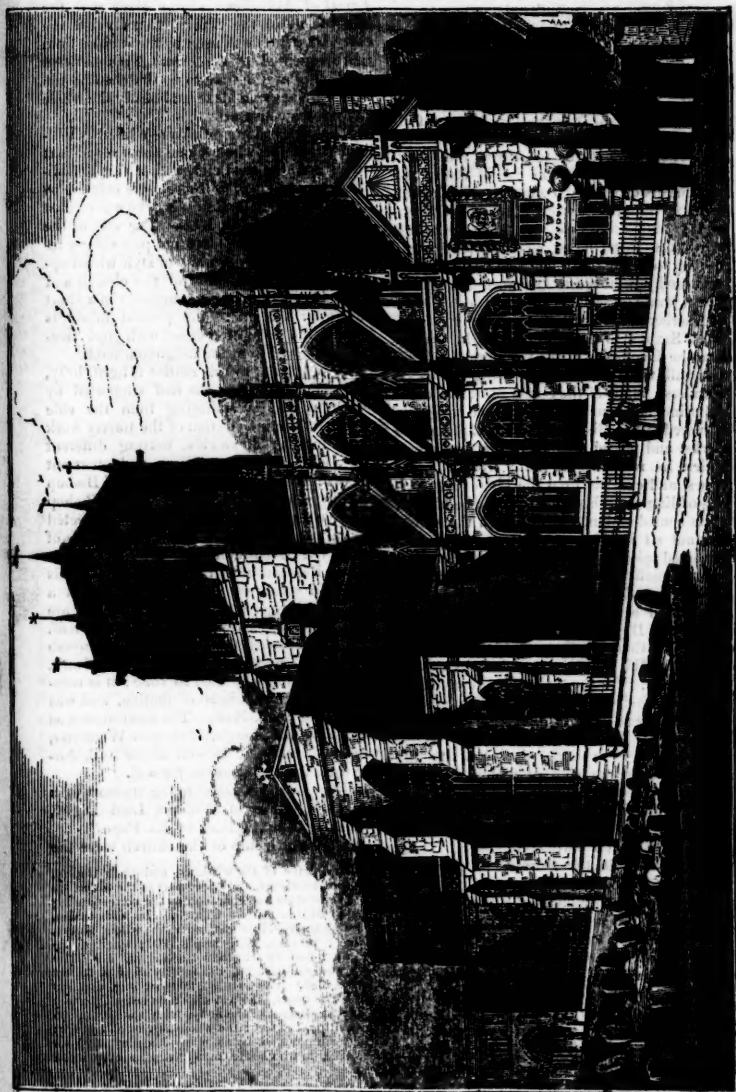
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SHERBORNE CHURCH, DORSET.

VOL. XXX.

## SHERBORNE CHURCH. \*

THE interesting town of Sherborne is pleasantly situated partly on the acclivity of a hill, and partly in the fertile vale of Blackmore, in the northern division of the county of Dorset. Its antiquity is very remote, though not distinctly ascertained. Its name is from the Saxon Scireburn, implying its situation on a clear brook or rivulet. As early as the year 705, it was made an episcopal see by King Ina, on the division of the bishopric of Winchester. One of its most eminent bishops was the celebrated Asser, who was tutor to Alfred the Great, and wrote his life. The See of Sherborne comprehended the counties of Dorset, Bucks, Wilts, Somerset, Devon, and Cornwall; and flourished till the year 904, when the three latter were separated, and united to other sees; and in 1075, the see was finally removed to Old Sarum.

"A house for secular canons was established at Sherborne soon after the conversion of the West Saxons to the Christian faith, and before the foundation of the bishopric, by King Cenwall, who died in 672, being one of its founders: many of the Saxon monarchs occur as principal benefactors. In the reign of Ethelred, 998, Bishop Wulfstan expelled the clerks, and placed monks in the monastery, which he rebuilt. By bulls from different popes, and charters from the kings and nobility of England, this abbey rose to be of such great consideration, that, though the abbots did not sit in Parliament yearly, they were esteemed spiritual barons, and had particular writs to parliaments or great councils. At the Dissolution, the revenues of Sherborne Abbey were rated at 612*l.* 14*s.* 7*d.*, according to Speed and Dugdale."

It was then made parochial, and purchased by the inhabitants and the vicar for 100 marks. In the original church were interred Ethelbald, King of the West Saxons, and Ethelbert, his brother, grandsons of Egbert.

The present church, dedicated to St. Mary, (the north side of which is shown in the prefixed engraving), is a magnificent pile of building; and, from its enriched architecture and magnitude, more resembles a cathedral than a parochial church. It is thus described in the *Beauties of England and Wales*, vol. iv.:-

"It contains specimens of different styles of architecture: in the porch and transept of the south side, and at the lower part of the west end, and north side, are some semi-circular arches, with zig-zag mouldings, characteristic of the Norman era; but the upper part of the nave and tower, with the east end, the aisles and some chapels, display the style of architecture which prevailed in the reign of Henry the Sixth, when the greater part of this church

was rebuilt, after a fire, occasioned through a dispute between the monks and the townsmen, and which originated in the trifling circumstance of removing the font. Leland informs us, the latter were so irritated, that a Priest of Allhallows, shot a shaft with fire into the top of the church, that divided the east part, which was used by the monks, from that frequented by the town. This partition happening at the time to be thatched in the roof, was soon in a blaze, and nearly the whole church was consumed.

"The east end was quickly re-edified by William Bradforde, who became abbot about that time; and the west end, with a chapel dedicated to our *Lady of Bowe*, were erected by the next abbot, Peter Ramsam, who was elected in 1475, and died in 1504. The eras of the subsequent additions are not particularly recorded; yet the uniformity of style which appears in the upper parts of the church and tower, imply, that it was completed in a short time after the fire: the present fabric is built in the form of a cross, with good freestone obtained from the neighbourhood.

"The interior of this edifice is light, lofty, and spacious, having the roof supported by numerous groins, springing from the side aisles. At the intersection of the tracery work are a number of shields, bearing different arms, with roses, portcullises, and other cut devices: among them are the arms of Bishop Neville; the initials, and rebus, of Bishop Langton; and the letters H. E., connected with a lover's knot, said to be the initials of Henry the Seventh, and his Queen. The initial of Ramsam's Christian name, and his rebus, (a scroll, with the word SAM, and a large P., inclosing a ram and crozier,) are carved in many places upon the walls and roof.

"In the south transept is a very superb monument, erected to the memory of JOHN, Earl of Bristol, who died in 1698; it is composed of various kinds of marble, and was constructed by J. Nost. The inscription was written by Dr. Hough, Bishop of Worcester, who was a sufferer, as well as the Earl, during the reign of James the Second.

"Near this is a tablet to the memory of a son and daughter of William, Lord Digby, with some beautiful lines by Mr. Pope."

On the north side of the church were the

\* The shape of the windows, and their tracery, with the abutments, and upper part of the tower, are of the same style and character as the corresponding parts of Milton Abbey Church. Its dimensions, according to Mr. Hutchins, are: the whole length, 207 feet; breadth, 103; height, 100; length of the nave, 182 feet by 32; and the height, 109. The north and south aisles, 198 feet by 15, and 24 feet 3 inches high. The transept, 202 feet long, and 102 wide. The tower, 154 feet high; its length, 30 feet by 32; the height of the body, from the paving to the vaulting, 109 feet: the whole supported by eight arches, surmounted by as many large windows on each side, in which are many remains of painted glass.

*Historian of Dorset*  
Rev. John. Brown to him in 1840

cloisters and domestic buildings belonging to the abbey : a small portion of the former with the refectory or dining-hall, remained to our days ; and the latter was so spacious as to be divided into a three-storied silk manufactory. Adjoining the east end of the church is the Free-school, founded and richly endowed by Edward VI. ; and in the windows of the school-room are emblazoned the arms of its benefactors. The Alms-house on the south side of the church-yard was originally a hospital of the order of St. Augustine. It originated from the pious exertions of some of the inhabitants of Sherborne, and was founded and augmented by license from Henry VI. Its present provisions are for sixteen men and eight women, chosen and governed by a Master and nineteen brethren. It has a chapel at the east end, in which prayers are read daily by the perpetual chaplain, and a sermon on Thursday mornings. An ancient custom existed here a few years since : every Midsummer night, a garland was hung up at the door, and watched by the alms-men till next morning, in honour of St. John. We say *was*, for the observance may have been lost in "the march," or abolished as "a superstition" of the dark ages.

#### THE HYMN OF SUNSET.

I come when the purple of twilight is breaking,  
And the day its farewell of the landscape is taking ;  
I come when the pale star of eve is revealing  
Its wings, like a spirit, from cloud-shadows stealing ;  
I come when the flow'rs are upturning their eyes  
To hues as delightful as theirs in the skies.  
To me the lone voice of the streamlet is swelling,  
And the cuckoo its tale of past ages is telling ;  
To me the wild bird, ere it sinks to its slumbers,  
Breathes homage and love in its exquisite numbers ;  
And the song of devotion harmoniously blends,  
As to me from the rude cottage-hearth it ascends.  
My throne of repose is the brow of the mountain,  
And my last glance is given to the rills of the fountain ;  
The clouds, as they sail in a pathway of glory,  
Unfold the rich light of their silver wings o'er me,  
And the blossoms with which the dark forests are  
    rife,  
Are kiss'd by my beams ere they burst into life.  
Oh ! mine is an hour of the stillest devotion,  
An hour which brings peace on the earth and the  
    ocean,  
When the portals of heaven with the twilight are  
    glooming,  
And the east with its mild starry cressets is blooming ;  
And the pray'rs which to me from a household arise,  
Are kindled by feelings derived from the skies.

B. B.

#### A DESERTED BURIAL-PLACE.

Peace broods o'er this sepulchral solitude,  
As the dove folds her pious o'er her nest,  
And on this mountain pathway, lone and rude,  
The nameless dead have found a place of rest.  
Beneath the grassy turf, and quiet stone,  
Verhance the "mute inglorious millions" sleep,  
Who bound the soul in Fancy's dazzling zone,  
And "call'd up spirits from the vasty deep."  
When morn unlocks the portal of the sky,  
And Evening lingers on her starry throne,

2 C 2

The winds assume a melancholy tone,  
As o'er the ranks of lowly graves they sigh.  
May Hope amid their tombs her vigils keep,  
Till Heaven's last trump shall break their leaden  
    sleep.

B. B.

#### DECEMBER.

"Pale concluding winter comes at last, and shuts  
the scene."

We have arrived at the farewell gleam, the extinction and old age of the year—it is *sans* sunshine, *sans* warmth, *sans* light, *sans* every thing, which gave a charm to the earlier seasons. The venerable month has, however, peculiar comforts to atone for beauty passed away. The mornings are dark and unlovely, but the evenings have a store of comfort in prospect ; when we may "let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round," and betake ourselves to the thousand resources which may be found to beguile the long, lingering evenings :—

"See, on the hallowed hour, that none intrude,  
Save a few chosen friends, who sometimes deign  
To bless my humble roof, with sense refined,  
Learning digested well, exalted faith,  
Unstudied wit, and humour ever gay."

And happy those who can gather such associates, while the snow lies drifted on the garden walks, and settles and glitters on the window panes, when the tall fir's loaded branch waves like the ostrich plume. We listen to the muttering winds, and by the blazing fire forget the cheerless scene without. And Christmas comes—the season of good wishes and good-will, of pious gratitude and Christian joy ; and friends meet, or remember each other on that day, which, on its dawn 1837 years ago, witnessed the Incarnate God, the Saviour promised from all time, an infant in the manger of an inn in Judea ! When the shepherds heard that midnight music, which proclaimed that the Day-star—the Messiah—the Saviour of mankind, was come in great humility ! When the long expected effulgence hovered over that humble roof, where the Almighty framer of the earth and seas, and starry firmament, lay shrouded in a human form. The churches are adorned with evergreens ; the Christmas carol thrills through the heart with unspeakable thankfulness, and fills the eyes with tears which words would in vain essay to explain ; for imagination is lost in that abyss of love unfathomable and amazing, which Infinite Mercy alone could have devised.

But the year is about to die—methinks I hear its expiring sigh, gone ! "with the years beyond the flood," gone ! to join the countless ages of eternity which we call the past ;—gone, to join the buried years, already waxing dim and grey to memory's eye—"they roll by with all their deeds," but the events and the actors in them have become shadowy and dreamlike to remembrance ; and as they sink deeper and deeper,

under the weight of accumulated years, how ghostlike and unreal do those events appear, which at the time wore such vivid colours, and engrossed our whole souls. What a fleeting pageant is human life! those with whom we then held such familiar communion, who journeyed on the same path with us, are dispersed far and wide by the storms of time:

"How in far distant climes their lot is cast,

And now long ages roll their course between!"

How involuntarily do reflections such as these arise, when the year is about to close, and we trace with rapid survey all that it has brought to us of joy or woe; the changes that "spareless time" has made—the vacancies in our circle of familiar faces. We have passed another mile-stone on life's journey, another leaf is turned over in the volume of our lives—another wave has broken on the solemn shore—our boat is still gliding down the stream, but, "nearer lies the land to which we go."

ANNE R—

### The Sketch-Book.

#### THE MURDERED WARRIOR.

THE great excitement which has lately prevailed throughout the whole of British India, relative to that vast combination or society of individuals, styling themselves Thuggees, caused the author of the following tale to believe that any fresh light thrown upon the proceedings of these wholesale murderers, must be acceptable to the reading public; and as the materials from which this tale has been compiled are authentic, and were casually obtained by the author at various times and places during the last few years, he sincerely hopes that any slight faults or inaccuracies, which, perhaps, will occasionally appear in the thread of the narrative, may be attributed to these causes.

The complete unravelling of the mysteries of this singular body is due to that excellent nobleman and enlightened statesman, Lord William Bentick, Governor General of British India; and when we consider the ancientness of the order, (if we may so term it,) its numbers, secrecy, and activity, before which even the more modern society of Freemasons sinks into insignificance, we cannot but think that great credit must be due to the individual who could thus, by using his official power with energy and discernment, lay open, in a great measure, to the public, the history of this dangerous party.

The atrocities committed by some of the members of this gang, are without parallel in the annals of crime, either for cleverness of contrivance or boldness of execution; for, urged alike by religious fanaticism and the hope of gain, and being, moreover,

regularly bred to the profession, these individuals went about their cold-blooded murders in such a systematic manner, as to cause the heroes even of an American or European murderer to thrill with horror. The following narrative will give the reader a tolerable insight of their method of procedure.

It was toward the close of a beautiful day in the autumn of the year 1818, that a solitary horseman might have been seen crossing one of those extensive *meidans*\* that prevail in the south-eastern neighbourhood of the Nerbudda River. His erect and dignified carriage, and the ease and grace with which he managed the noble animal that he bestrode, would, even to an inexperienced eye, almost have stamped him as a military character, had not the question been placed beyond a doubt by the brilliant reflection of the sun's rays from the polished surface of his buckler, and the steel head of his long and taper lance, which latter glittered several feet above his head-dress, the motion of the horse imparting to it the eccentric glancing of a meteor.

The costume of the warrior was evidently Mahometan, and from its richness, betokened the wearer to be of some rank. The toque and trousers were of crimson silk, richly laced with gold: and the sheath of the cimeter, which hung gracefully from his left side, had a mounting of the same precious metal, and the trappings of the steed were of the richest description. But as it is time that the reader should be introduced to so evidently an important personage, we will proceed at once to the task. *do so.*

Abdur Kaled was a Mahatta chieftain, of no mean rank, and during the late war which his countrymen had been waging against the British, had proved himself a warrior of considerable military experience and prowess, and often had the *serried* columns of the sipahis and troops of the line gazed with mingled admiration and anxiety upon Abdur and his splendid troop of horsemen, as they wheeled to the right or left, advanced or retired, with the rapidity of lightning, causing the aforesaid troops to obey, with rather more than their usual alacrity, the order, prepare to receive cavalry, no time being lost either in giving or obeying this command, as soon as the glittering cavalcade appeared in the distance.

But peace had been proclaimed between the belligerent powers, and the Mahratta prince having assembled his followers, merely awaited the ratification by the council of a few of the articles of the treaty, to return to his capital. But Abdur Kaled burning with impatience again to embrace his beloved wife, Zulema, and her children,

\* In Hindostan, the jungle is occasionally interspersed with open plains of several miles in circuit, somewhat resembling the western prairies.

obtained permission of his royal master to leave the camp before the general movement of the army; and in his impatience to be gone, utterly neglecting the advice of the prince to his favourite chieftain, viz., that he should take with him some of his followers; but mounting his charger, and scarcely heeding the adieus of his various friends, rode alone and unattended from the camp, it being upon the third day of his journey that we introduced him to the reader. The sun was rapidly sinking toward the horizon, and when we consider the dreary solitude that the rider was traversing and his distance from any human habitation, the slow pace at which he was advancing would have appeared singular in the extreme. But, perhaps, he was thinking upon his absent beloved ones, or it might be that a presentiment of the dreadful fate that awaited him was weighing heavily upon his spirit; be this as it may, certain it is that he allowed the animal he rode to choose its own pace, and he appeared to be in a deep reverie.

Abdur had advanced in this manner for the space of an hour and had nearly reached the extremity of the *meidaun*, when he was aroused by hearing a low and plaintive wailing, as of a female in distress, and upon raising his eyes, observed a figure robed in white, seated upon the ground at a short distance from where these mournful sounds appeared to issue. Like a true warrior, Abdur was ever ready to assist the distressed; therefore turning out of the path he rode close up to the figure, and his interest was immediately more strongly excited upon finding himself gazing upon a female of the most exquisite beauty who appeared to be bewailing her hard fate in tones of bitter anguish. With great solicitude, Abdur inquired the cause of her grief, when a voice possessing the softest modulations and most insinuating tones that Abdur thought he had ever heard thus replied—"Ah! my lord! it is but a few hours since some ruffians burst into my peaceful and beautiful cottage, and having slain my husband, who would have resented the intrusion, seized upon our dear children and myself to bear us into slavery; but fear and hope giving me strength, I broke from their hold, and flying from the door, sought protection in the neighbouring jungle; but thinking to meet with assistance, I have wandered some distance from home, and now let me entreat my lord to accompany me there with all speed, as we may yet be in time to save my darling babes from slavery!" Abdur hesitated not a moment, but told her to lead the way with all expedition, and that he would follow, as he feared not to encounter half a dozen such cowardly ruffians with his single arm. Smiling her thanks through her tears, the female rose with alacrity, and glided over the ground with a

rapidity that astonished Abdur, who had to exert himself, or rather his steed, to keep up with her. She speedily gained the jungle, which here skirted the *meidaun*, distant not more than two or three hundred yards from the left of the pathway, and threaded her way with amazing celerity among the tangled brushwood. They had proceeded for some time in silence, when Abdur observed that she appeared to be leading him deeper and deeper into the wilderness, and for the first time, suspicion of her intentions flashed across his mind. He was about to question her upon this point, when at that moment his horse happened to stumble over the projecting root of a shrub, which accident occupied all his attention, and upon raising his eyes, to his astonishment, he could not perceive his fair companion in any direction, and upon his horse advancing a pace or two, he found himself on a small, open glade, and in the presence of five individuals, two of whom had the appearance of merchants, and were seated upon the ground, apparently enjoying a repast: the remaining three seemed to be servants, and were attending to a camel laden with merchandise, and two horses were grazing at no great distance. Upon observing Abdur the strangers rose, saluted him after the eastern manner, and introduced themselves as merchants, who had lost their way in the wilderness, and had decided upon remaining in that spot till the morning. They invited Abdur to share their repast, and proposed that when the morning dawned they should together endeavour to find their course to the nearest town or village, as they presumed that he had also lost his way.

It must be confessed that Abdur felt rather puzzled how to account for the singular adventure that had befallen him; yet these persons appeared so respectable, and their words had so much the appearance of truth, that all things considered, he thought that it was his wisest plan to accept their invitation. He therefore dismounted, saluted them courteously, and was soon seated by their side, engaged in discussing his share of a repast, which his long ride rendered very acceptable. A flask or two of excellent wine was not wanting. All parties appeared very opportunely to forget that this beverage was strictly prohibited by the tenets of their faith. Its generous influence, however, appeared to be rapidly banishing the usual Mussulman reserve and placidity. Abdur having related to his new friends his adventure with the beautiful woman, they immediately gave it as their opinion that it was a good genius who had appeared to him for the purpose of conducting him to shelter and safety for the coming night, and being a true Mahomedan, Abdur was very soon induced to be of the same opinion, more especially when he considered her singular

disappearance. An hour or two had thus passed very pleasantly, when, "My lord carries a beautiful cimeter," suddenly exclaimed one of the seeming merchants, "for doubtless such a splendid sheath contains nothing less worthy of it than a pure Damascus blade." Abdur took it from his side and handed it to the stranger, who appeared anxious to examine it more closely. No sooner had he done so, however, than the folly of thus parting with his only available weapon appeared obvious to him, short time, however, was allowed him for regret, as he speedily felt his arms rudely seized from behind, and by a sudden jerk, he was pulled back upon the ground, while his quondam associates, the merchant, sprang to their feet, and one of them unwinding his turban, it was passed round Abdur's neck, quick as lightning; they then took their stations, one at each end of the turban, while their assistants who had previously thrown him on his back, now held his hands firmly grasped in theirs. Death, with all its horrors, now stared him in the face, and he felt the sickening thought that he was completely in the power of these wretches, whose hearts had never felt the touch of pity. But nerved to desperation, as his mind reverted to his absent wife and children, he made a phrensed effort to escape and regain his cimeter, which he perceived was lying upon the ground at a few paces distant. But the villains, alarmed at the strength he displayed, hastened to draw upon their instrument of death. A livid hue quickly overspread the countenance of their victim, followed by a convulsive shudder of the limbs, and the gallant warrior was added to the list of those murdered by these wretches, who now slept the sleep of death, "Their hapless fate unknown."

The dead body was speedily stripped of every thing valuable, and the consecrated pickaxe, whose sound is heard not save by the initiated, was soon put in requisition to hide the witness of their iniquity from mortal eyes. The whole party having then collected their plunder, moved rapidly and silently from this scene of darkness and of death.

A few years ago, a *Thug* having been discovered and condemned to death, confessed among numerous other murders, his having been concerned in the one above related.—*New York Mirror*.

### Spirit of the Annals.

#### THE COMIC ALMANACK FOR 1838.

[THIS "Ephemeris in Jest and Earnest" is equal in raciness, pun and patter, to either of its predecessors. *Rigdum Funido*, is indeed one of the best Chancellors of our time: his Exchequer of humour is never empty; his Budget is worth a score

of those that *figure* "on the table," and his Civil List extends but to half-a-crown. The embellishments of next year's Almanack are capital, as heretofore, by Cruikshank. The twelve plates are—*January*.—New Year's Eve; a jovial dancing party capering the old year out, &c.: the head-piece, Jack Frost, with rich silhouette illustrations of the New Poor Law. *February* is Frost Fair upon the Thames; Valentine's day—Odd couples; and five laughable cuts for *Blackstone's* death-day. *March*.—St. Patrick's Day is a "regular" Irish Row, with some thirsty figures, cleverly grouped; St. David's Day—two Welshmen fighting, "Vernal Equi-knocks;" and a hob-nobbing party. *April*.—Low Sunday—a Sabbath morning market; the Darby Day—a coach load of felons *darbied*, leaving Fetterlane; a beadle thrashing a boy, "settling for the hoax;" and three stone-breakers for "Geological Society instituted." *May*.—"All a-growing," an itinerant gardener and his Birnam wood; "Bowling and Harrowing," a mis-shoot at an Archery fête; and a minikin cut of Joe Grimaldi. *June*.—"the Queen's Own," a good view of the Proclamation of our youthful Queen; and the Charity Children's Jubilee. *July*.—Flying Showers, a routed Pic-nic party; Railroad Travelling, a horse smoking his pipe, "hors d'emploi;" to Professor Playfair is a silhouette of a thimble-rig group; "July 28, Infernal Machine in France, 1835. Ditto ditto in England;"—cut, a still, with gin and blue ruin. *August*.—"Sic omnes"—a scene from a steam-boat in a squall, with faces enough to make one giddy and qualmish; Cheap Bathing and stolen clothes; "Aug. 16, A. Marvel d. No wonder. Joe Miller d. No joke," and two droll omnibus cuts. *September*.—Michaelmas Gander, scarcely a line of caricature; Harvest-home, a jolly scene; "Sept. 15, Newspaper Stamp-duty reduced, 1836. Chancellor of the Exchequer brought to his last penny." *October*.—Battle of A—gin-court, Petty France; Triumph of Teetotalism, a pantomime scene. *November*.—Guys in Council, very grotesque; a Punch drinking and seeing party; and six droll silhouettes. *December*.—Christmas-Eve—another dancing party, though very different from New Year's Eve; the cracked chimney-glass, the punch upset, the dandy in a dilemma, the portly couple in the centre, the hob-nobbing pair, the children scrambling for cakes, the terrified old maids on the sofa, and the old fellow enjoying the disastrous joke by the fire:—all are Cruikshank's best: to them are added a holiday coach load of school-boys, and last of all, "Apotheosis of Vauxhall Simpson, 1835:

"The glories of his leg and cane are just,  
He made his bow and cut his stick at last."



The "Hieroglyphicism in Futuro"—the Queen of Hearts—would be spoiled by description; it is capitally engraved, especially Her Majesty and her lion of a lord chancellor.

The squibs are only dry by their humour, which we take to be a whet. "Manners made Easy" is a smart hit at the Shilling Etiquette fooleries that are palmed upon the public by thousands; its tail piece is an epigram. We quote a few specimens of the spice of the humour of this very seasonable trifle: ]

MY DANCING DAYS ARE OVER.

*By the Gentleman in the White Waistcoat.*

My dancing days are over now,  
My legs are just like stumps;  
My fount of youth dried up, alas!  
Won't answer to the pumps.  
Yet who so fond of jigs as I?  
Of hornpipes such a lover?  
Of gallopes, vales,—but, alas!  
My dancing days are over.

In feats of feet, what foot like mine  
(Excuse me if vain-glorious:)  
Like mine for grace and dignity  
No toe was more notorious.

Oh! thou what joy it was to hear  
*Roy's Wife or Kitty Clover!*  
But *Drops of Brandy* now won't do:  
My dancing days are over.

My feet seem fastened down with screws,  
That were so glib before;  
And my ten light fantastic toes  
Seem toe nail'd to the floor.  
I cannot bear a ball-room now,  
Where once I lived in clover;  
Tersichore quite makes me sick:  
My dancing days are over.

I used to dance the New Year in,  
And dance the Old Year out;  
Ah! little did I then reflect  
That *chacun à son gout*.  
All summer thro' I-kipped and hopped,  
At Margate, Ramsgate, Dover.  
The year was then one spring—but now  
My dancing days are over.

I'm eighteen stone and some odd pounds;  
So all my neighbours say.  
I'll go this moment to the scale;  
But I can't *balancer*.

When in a ball room I appear,  
As soon as they discover  
My presence, off the girls all fly  
My dancing days are over.

I'm quite as fat as Lambert was,  
Or any old maid's spaniel;  
And when I walk along the street  
They cry, "a second Daniel!"  
And if I go into a shop  
Of tailor, hatter, glover,  
They always open *both* the doors:  
My dancing days are over.

My college chums oft jeer at me,  
And cry, "Lord, what a porpus!  
Who'd take you for a Johnian?"  
You seem to be of Corpus!"  
The stage-coachmen all look as if  
They wished me at Hanover:  
The safety cabs don't think me safe:  
My dancing days are over.

My great pier glass, that used to show  
My waist so fine and thin;  
Now, turn whichever way I will,  
Won't take my body in.

My form, that once a parasol  
Would always amply cover,  
A gig umbrella now requires:  
My dancing days are over.

In vain my hand I offer now;  
Away each damsel stalks;  
Chalk'd floors no longer may I walk,  
So I must walk my chalks.  
For me there is no woman-kind:  
None want me now for lover.  
Maid, widow, wife, all fly—they know  
My dancing days are over!

*Rail-road Travelling.*

I, vow I'll go, and it shall be so, and I've said it, Master Snip—  
This very day, come what come may, I'll have my railway trip.  
There's Mistress King has been to Tring, and thinks herself so knowing—  
I'm tired of waiting your debating, and it's time that we were going.

WELL, Duck, though I never did dabble in foreign parts,—Law, Ma! how I shall squeal when the engine starts.—For shame, child! as to fear, it's nothing but a notion;—I declare I always feel the better for a little motion.—Pray, mister, do you call this a first-class carriage because it goes double fast? No, ma'am, it's because we puts it behind to be blown up last.—See, they're pulling us along with a rope! very odd upon my word.—Vy, you can't expect the hingsins to go on their own accord.—But just look round at Hampstead and Highgate, while they slacken their pace.—And see, they hook on the locomotive! What's that, Pa? A thing they've a motive for hooking on at this place.—Here's Chalk Farm, where some run down a hill, and some run up a score!—And there's the famous tunnel! it looks like a bit of a bore.—Oh dear! Oh dear! how dreadful dark; I think I'm going to die.—And I'm so hot I can't say my prayers! but here's the light of the sky.—See what a hole in my parasole, burnt by a red-hot spark!—I only wish I knew who it was that was kissing me in the dark.—Sare! I vonder, Sare! ven dey vill put on de horses to draw!—Oh! horses don't draw here, they're all *hors d'emploi*.—But how the hedges run past, and the trees and the bridges, and the posts, and the cattle and the people!—This is just like ploughing the air! Yes, and there goes Harrow Steeple.—On, on we spin, with a clack and a din, like a mighty courser snorting, blowing;—Well, how do you like the railroad now? Oh! I think it's the wonderful'st thing that's going.—Ladies, here's Watford; we can stop if you've had enough of your ride;—But perhaps you'd rather go on; there's a long tunnel on the other side.—Oh! I'm so frightened at the thought I can scarcely speak!—Gracious! I'm so delighted! I hope we shall stay in for a week.—Well, if that's the case, as you came out for a little pleasure, I shall leave you at the tunnel, and you can go through at your leisure.

*Triumph of Tee-Totalism.*

DERE FRIND,—I rite to inform you our caws is quite the top of the tree in these parts, nerly all the publicks is ruined and shut up quite private, the checkers is xchecker'd—the baileaves is in at the rosemary bush—and there's not a sole to shak ands at the Salitation—nothing but whimpering at the whine waultz, instead of dancing and tostication so the wenders of spirits is quite dispirited and at the hintermedihate nobody wont go to be drunk on the premises. Our parson hoo nose the sin of spiritual lickers as inroled itself and some of the jentry as hates gin as jined us, the sqwire too sais he will sine and sail with us as long he dont go out of site of port. We holds quite a strong meeting weakly but drinks nothing but Tee total and as abolisht XX intire and marches quite conubial together round the pump to the tune of Andle's water music but we has now less occasion for the spout and shall soon dew altogether without my unkel which is a relashun you will be glad to hear for as we have left off our cups we have less need of the balls, but I am sorey to sea all our happytites is sadly hincreased, witch is very detrimental and hilconceat at this critereyon of the ear. We was extorted last weakly meeting by a new member a norrid drunker but now quite a reform carrikter sins his money was all gone and nobody wont trust him. His discours was quite headyfying for he is a tailor and goos about in the good cawse since he left off gozzling. Before he jined us he was alwise stupid drunk and beatin his wif and now he never gives his mind to licker. Just at the beginning he was quite affecting and could not get on without a go of brandy which we thought very rum He as giving up his trade witch was his sole dependance sinse he lost all his plaices and know dout he will be trow to us til somthink else befase. Dere frind thease is the first Hoctober as we as passed without a brewin witch it looks rayther brown but hope to bear it, and we are getting quite hammerous of our tease witch at first was very tormenting but now the slow leaves goes off as fast as gunpowder and them has as gardings makes the how-queer mixer, but I am afeard I'm a bit of a bore as the learned pig sed and so conclud Dere frind affeckshionately

Tobias PUMPSWILL.

*The Naturalist.*

OBSERVATIONS ON THE HUMMING-BIRD.

By Richard Chambers, Esq., F.L.S., &c.; in the Magazine of Natural History.

THOSE beautiful and delicate little creatures, the jewels of ornithology, which form the race of humming-birds, have always attracted the admiration of mankind. The ancient mexicans used their feathers for superb mantles in the time of Montezuma;

and the pictures so much extolled by Cortez were embroidered with their skins. The nation of the Aztecs call their capital Tzin-zunzan from the number of humming-birds in its vicinity, with which the statues of their gods are adorned; and the Indians of Patzquara are still famous for this art. They compose figures of saints with the feathers of the colobri, which are remarkable for the delicacy of the execution, and the brilliancy of the colours. The Indian could appreciate their loveliness, delighting to adorn his bride with gems and jewellery plucked from the starry frontlets of these beauteous forms.

Every epithet which the ingenuity of language could invent has been employed to depict the richness of their colouring: the lustres of the topaz, of emeralds, and rubies, have been compared with them, and applied to their names. "The hue of roses steeped in liquid fire;" even the "*cheveux de l'astre du jour*" of the imaginative Buffon, or beams or locks of the sun, their name in the Indian language, fall short of their dazzling and versatile tints.

It was formerly imagined that these birds were nearly confined to the tropical portions of the New World; and, according to our best information, that great archipelago of islands between Florida and the mouths of the Orinoco, with the mainland of the southern continent, until it passes the Tropic of Capricorn, literally swarms with them. In the wild and uncultivated parts, they inhabit those forests of magnificent timber overhung with lianas and the superb tribe of Bignoniaceæ. The huge trunks clothed with a rich drapery of parasites, whose blossoms only yield in beauty to the sparkling tints of their airy tenants; but since the cultivation of various parts of the country, they abound in the gardens, and seem to delight in society, becoming familiar and destitute of fear, hovering over one side of a shrub, while the fruits or flowers, are plucked from that opposite. As we recede from the tropics on either side, the numbers decrease; though some species are found in Mexico, and others in Peru, which do not appear to exist elsewhere. Thus Mr. Bullock discovered several species at a high elevation, and consequently low temperature; on the lofty table-lands of Mexico and in the woods in the vicinity of the many mountains of Orizaba; while Captain King in the late survey of the southern coasts, met with numerous members of this diminutive family flying about in a snow-storm, near the straits of Magellan; and discovered two species, which he considered undescribed, in the remote island of Juan Fernandez.

Two species only extend into the northern continent of America: the one, the ruff-necked humming-bird (*Selasphorus*



rufus of Swainson), was discovered by Captain Cook in Nootka Sound, and has been traced by Kotzebue to the 61st degree along the western shores; the other, the northern humming-bird (*Trochilus Colubris* of Linnæus), which is beautifully described by Wilson.

The following extract from a letter by Captain Lyon to a friend in England, dated Gongo Soco, Brazil, March 17, 1829, is taken from the *Zoological Journal* :—

"It may interest you to have an account of some humming-birds, whose hatching and education I studiously attended, as the nest was made in a little orange-bush by the side of a frequented walk in my garden. It was composed of the silky down of a plant, and covered with small flat pieces of yellow lichen. The first egg was laid on January 6; the second on the 28th; and two little creatures like bees made their appearance, on the morning of February 14. As the young increased in size, the mother built her nest higher and higher; so that from having at first the form of *a*, it became ultimately like *b*. The old bird sat very close during a continuance of the heavy rain, for several days and nights. The young remained blind until February the 28th, and flew on the morning of March 7, without previous practice, as strong and swiftly as the mother; taking their first dart from the nest to a tree about twenty yards distant."

The singularity of this little bird has induced many persons to attempt to raise them from the nest, and accustom them to the cage. Mr. Coffer of Fairfax county, Virginia, raised and kept two for some months in a cage, supplying them with honey dissolved in water, on which they readily fed. As the sweetness of the liquid frequently brought small flies and gnats about the cage and cup, the birds amused themselves by snapping at them on the wing,

and swallowing them with eagerness; so that these insects formed no inconsiderable part of their food. Mr. Charles Wilson Peale, proprietor of the museum at Philadelphia, had two humming-birds, which he had raised from the nest. They used to fly about the room, and would frequently perch on Mrs. Peale's shoulder to be fed. In the summer of 1803, a nest of young humming-birds was brought to Wilson, that were nearly fit to fly. One of them actually flew out of the window the same evening, and, falling against a wall, was killed. The other refused food; and, the next morning, he could but just perceive that it had life. A lady in the house undertook to be its nurse, placed it in her bosom, and, as it began to revive, dissolved a little sugar in her mouth, into which she thrust its bill; and it sucked with avidity. In this manner it was brought up until fit for the cage.

The only instance of their being carried to a different climate is thus related by Dr. Latham; and there can be little doubt, from the partial success of these attempts, that great care and great experience, with a more perfect knowledge of their proper food, would enable them to reach this country, and, perhaps, adorn a separate apartment in some conservatory. The European summer birds of passage have been now successfully kept in confinement for several years, and an attempt upon similar principles might prosper.

It was a mango humming-bird (*Trochilus mango*) which was successfully brought to England. "A young gentleman, a few days before he sailed from Jamaica for England, met with a female humming-bird sitting on the nest and eggs; and, cutting off the twig, he brought all together on board. The bird became sufficiently tame to suffer herself to be fed on honey and water during the passage, and hatched two young ones. The mother, however, did not



(Progressive Increase of the Nest of a Humming-bird.)

long survive; but the young were brought to England, and continued for some time in the possession of Lady Hammond. The little creatures readily took honey from the lips of Lady Hammond; and, though one did not live long, the other survived for at least two months from the time of their arrival."

I was lately informed by Miss Tuckerman, daughter of Dr. Tuckerman, of Boston, that humming-birds are readily bred in cages in that city; and she was astonished when I told her that only one instance had occurred of their being domesticated in England. She observed that the climate of Boston, and that of England so nearly approximated, that she was convinced they could be bred in this country, were the same attention paid to them as in America.

### The Public Journals.

PIC-NICS.

(From the Quarterly Review, last published.)

*Dress.*—It would be difficult to give a better illustration of its importance than an anecdote related of Gerard, the famous French painter. When a very young man he was the bearer of a letter of introduction to Lanjuinais (the distinguished leader of the Girondists), and in the carelessness or confidence of genius, he repaired to the (then) imperial counsellor's house very shabbily attired. His reception was extremely cold; but in the few remarks that dropped from him in the course of conversation, Lanjuinais discovered such striking proofs of talent, good sense, and amiability, that on Gerard's rising to take leave, he rose too, and accompanied his visitor to the ante-chamber. The change was so striking that Gerard could not avoid an expression of surprise. "My young friend," said Lanjuinais, anticipating the inquiry, "we receive an unknown person according to his dress, we take leave of him according to his merit."

Napoleon was deeply impressed with the effects producible by dress, and on all important occasions kept a scrutinizing eye on the personal appearance of his suite. A remarkable instance (related in the *Code Civil*) occurred on the morning of his interview with Alexander of Russia on the Niemen. Murat and General Dorsenne arrived at the same moment to take their places in his train; Murat, as usual, all epaulettes, aigrette, lace, orders, and embroidery—Dorsenne in that elegant and simple costume, which made him the model of the army. Napoleon saluted Dorsenne with a smile of marked favour, then turning sharply round upon Murat, he said, "Go and put on your marshal's dress; you have the air of Franconi's." Goethe the autocrat of German literature for nearly half a century, entertained similar sentiments,

and during his dynasty at Weimar, an ordinary stranger's reception there depended very materially on his dress.

Frenchmen dress very badly, and never by any chance appear easy in their clothes. Johnson confessed to Mr. Langton that he experienced an unusual feeling of elation when (on the occasion of Irene being brought upon the stage) he put on a scarlet waistcoat with rich gold lace, and a gold laced hat. A distinguished traveller—who has observed mankind, if not from China to Peru, at least from China to Ispahan—declares that he never saw a Frenchman in a clean shirt, who did not exhibit symptoms of a similar feeling of elation at the circumstance. We have been at some pains to verify this observation, and are now convinced that it is true; but the consciousness is not confined to the shirt. A Parisian exquisite reverses Mr. Brummell's maxim—that you are not well dressed if people stop to stare at you; nor can he ever be made to comprehend that dress fails of its object when it attracts attention independently of the man. On the contrary, his aim seems to be to act as a sort of walking advertiser for the tradesmen employed by him—(as Poor Goldy did by Filby of Water-lane, in the case of the plum-coloured coat)—and he evidently longs to tell every body he meets that his coat is by Staub, his hat by Bandoni, that his boot-maker is Evrat or Hasley, and (above all) that Madame Frederic is his washerwoman.

Dirty-shirt D\*\*\*\* obtained his unenviable and most unmerited nick name amongst contemporary Oxonians from the fact of his putting on avowedly only *three* clean shirts a day, whilst another man of the same name, as if for the express purpose of spitting and dishonouring him, put on *four*. We presume it is unnecessary to remind our readers of Mr. Brummell's celebrated maxim:—"The finest linen; plenty of it; and country washing."

French women certainly dress better than any other women in the world; and no wonder, for their whole souls are in the cause, and the best part of their every day is spent in choosing, trying, comparing, criticising—a cap, a bonnet, or a gown. "*Votre chapeau vous va comme un ange.*" "*Vous êtes coiffée à ravir.*" "*Ce bonnet est d'un goût charmant.*" "*Bien mise! vous êtes tirée à quatre épingles.*" "*Cher—je le crois bien—mais combien, dites vous, pour la dentelle?*" Such are the phrases you hear murmuring round you in a *salon* at Paris, the men being equally *au fait* of them: nay, the very journalists catch inspiration from the theme, and instead of dry catalogues of *tulle* and *blonde* and *gros de Naples*, such as fill the columns of the English newspapers the day after a drawing-room or fancy ball, we read of "*robes confectionnées à merveille*, or silks *d'un véritable couleur de succès*;" and not content with enthusiastically comme-

morating the graces snatched beyond the reach of art—the fascinating *caprices de toilette*—of a Recamier, a de Guiche, a de Plaisance, or a Le Hon, they have often been known of late to throw all petty feelings of national rivalry aside for the purpose of doing justice to the exquisite refinements of an Englishwoman. To our country's honour, be it said, the announcement of a new poem by Byron never excited a greater sensation amongst the men of letters—than the description of a new dress worn by a certain beautiful English duchess, periodically excites amongst the modists—of the continent. Then what genius is shown by the *artistes*!—with what devotion they apply themselves to their art, and what fire, what soul, what elevation, what dignity, they infuse into it! When (to refer only to well known, and well authenticated instances) we hear of one French bonnet maker telling Lady D., on her remonstrating with him about the price of a hat—"Madame, parole d'honneur, il m'a coûté trois nuits d'insomnie *seulement pour l'imaginer*;" of the porter of another answering an inquiry for his master, "*Monsieur n'est pas visible, il compose*"—of a third modestly accounting for the sit of a plume by saying that he had fixed it *in a moment of enthusiasm*: when we know that a milliner actually told one of the Duchesses de Berri's ladies of honour, who came to command her attendance, that the duchess must wait upon *her*: when we recall the names of Herbault, Victorine, Beaudran, Palmyre, Oudot-Manoury, &c. &c., and reflect that no other class of French artists have risen thus proudly superior to those of other countries but the cooks—is it, we ask, well possible to doubt that millinery and gastronomy are the arts in which the nation was predestined to shine, and that Paris is the city of all others in which the men excel in dressing dinners, and the women in dressing themselves?

*A Mistake.*—There is no necessity for supposing that every elegantly-dressed woman in a carriage is a duchess or marchioness—for duchesses and marchionesses are by no means plentiful, as a quondam Irish senator with a big O before his name once found to his cost. He chanced to be discovered one afternoon by a friend at the corner of — Square, attired in nankeen pantaloons, well calculated, in his own opinion, to exhibit the graces of his form. The friend proposed a stroll into the park: "Not now, my dear fellow, for God's sake move on: I'm waiting for a duchess who lives in the square." The story got wind, and he was in a fair way to become a general object of envy for his *bonne fortune*, until some jealous patriot thought of referring to the Court Guide to identify the frail scion of nobility, when lo and behold, there appeared to be only a single duchess

then residing in the square, and she the very last person in the world to form an attachment to an ogre-looking Irishman in nankeen. It is to be feared, from one of his remarks at the Bath "swarry," that Mr. Samuel Weller has fallen into a somewhat similar mistake: "I don't think I can do with anything under a *female markis*. I might take up with a young ooman o' large property as hadn't a title, if she made wery fierce love to me—not else."

#### DEATH OF CHARLES LAMB.

LAMB passed the last period of his life in the village, or more soundingly, the "Hundred" of Edmonton. To a native of that same rusticity, and an occasional resident, it was a strange yet consistent sight to observe the form in "clerk-like black" taking a regular morning walk on the dusty London road, instead of diving into the shady sweetness of the green lanes. But we saw his wistful, half-averted glances at the coaches that passed city-ward, and felt his yearnings towards the scenes of his youth. He died in consequence of a trifling accident that happened to him during one of these walks, and was buried in Edmonton churchyard. He had pointed out the spot himself a short time before while walking there with his sister, "as the place where he wished to be buried." The spot is by no means romantic, though something of the kind might easily have been found among the mossy, mouldering, carved vaults and tombs at remote corners, beneath old yew trees, dense blackthorn hedges, or beside the venerable buttresses of the old church walls. Lamb, however, preferred to be located, not only where the place was pretty thick with companionable tombs, but where he could be nearer the walks of human life. His grave-stone accordingly stands, at a little distance, facing a footpath which leads to the lanes and fields at the back of the church. The inscription upon it is simply "To the memory of Charles Lamb. Died 27 Dec. 1834: aged 59." There, in fixed peacefulness, among a crowd of familiar names—names known from infancy—we often see it stand with pallid smile just after sunset, while sparrows fly chirruping from tomb to tomb, and ruminating sheep recline with half-closed eyes against the warm, flat stone, or grassy mound.—*British and Foreign Review.*

#### Spirit of Discovery.

##### POISONOUS CANDLES.

THE attention of the Westminster Medical Society has lately been directed to a subject materially affecting the public health, that of the presence of white arsenic having been detected to a considerable extent in some

candles which have lately come much into use. It appears that these candles, which are very much in appearance like wax, owe their beauty and brilliancy in burning to arsenic which fact has been unequivocally proved by experiments made by Mr. Everitt, the lecturer on chemistry at the Middlesex Hospital, and Mr. Phillips, of St. Thomas's Hospital. Dr. Scott also stated, that two manufacturers of these new German wax lights had acknowledged to him, that the quantity used was one part of white arsenic to 27 parts of fatty matter. Considerable discussion ensued in the society, as to the effect of such a quantity of a deleterious substance like arsenic being consumed in this way in houses or crowded churches, in some of which they had been lately introduced, as also in theatres. The known ill effects of this mineral on those persons who are in the habit of using it in various manufactories, as well as the wretched breath and short lives of miners in Saxony and other parts from which it is procured, in combination with other substances, led most of the members to consider its effects would be exceedingly injurious to health, and that it was right the public should be made acquainted with the fact. One or two members stated that they had used the candles for some time without experiencing any ill effects, while others of a weaker habit of body had found them injurious. The candle may be known to contain white arsenic, if, on blowing it out, the wick smells like garlic—a fact indicating the presence of metallic arsenic, in which state a small portion only of the mineral is, the great proportion being white arsenic, the most deadly form of the poison. The lights in question are sold cheap, and in many instances a fraud is practised on the public, by the substitution of them for true wax-lights; the fraud may be detected by the test we have mentioned.—*Times*.

#### THEORIES OF THE AGE OF THE GLOBE.

(Quoted by Dr. Buckland, in his *Bridgewater Treatise*.)

"The earth," says Burnet, "was first invested with an uniform light crust, which covered the abyss of the sea, and which being broken up for the production of the deluge, formed the mountains by its fragments."—*Theoria Sacra*.

"The deluge," says Woodward, "was occasioned by a momentary suspension of cohesion among the particles of mineral bodies. The whole of the globe was dissolved, and the paste thus formed became penetrated with shells."—*Essay*.

"God raised up," says Schenckzer, "the mountains, for the purpose of allowing the waters which had produced the deluge to run off, and selected those places in which were the greatest quantity of rocks, without

which the mountains could not have supported themselves."—*Mem. de l'Academ.*

"The earth was formed from the atmosphere of one comet, and deluged by the train of another. The heat which it retained from its origin was the cause of exciting its inhabitants to sin, for which they were all drowned, excepting the fishes, which, having been fortunately exempt from the heat, remained innocent."—*Whiston, New Theory*.

"The earth is an extinguished sun, a vitrified globe, on which the vapours falling down again, after it had cooled, formed seas, which afterwards deposited the limestone formations."—*Leibnitz Protogæa*.

"The whole globe was covered with water many thousand years. The water gradually retired. All the land animals were originally inhabitants of the sea. Man was originally a fish; and there are still fish to be met with in the ocean which are half men, on their progress to the perfect human shape, and whose descendants will in process of time become men."—*Demaillet*.

"The earth was a fragment of the sun, struck off red-hot by the blow of a comet, together with all the other planets, which were also red hot fragments. The age of the world, then, can be calculated from the number of years which it would take to cool so large a mass from a red hot, down to its present temperature. But it is of course growing colder every year, and, as well as the other planets, must finally be a globe of ice."—*Buffon Theoria*.

"All things were originally fluid. The waters gave birth to microscopic insects; the insects, in the course of ages, magnified themselves into the larger animals; the animals, in the course of ages, converted a portion of the water into calcareous earth; the vegetables converted another portion into clay! These two substances, in the course of ages, converted themselves into silex; and thus the siliceous mountains are the oldest of all. All the solid parts of the earth, therefore, owe their existence to life, and without life, the globe would still be entirely liquid."—*Lamarck*. This, too, is the favourite mode among the *German philosophers*! of accounting for the formation and filling of the world.

"The earth is a great animal; it is alive; a vital fluid circulates in it; every particle of it is alive; it has instinct and volition, even to the most elementary molecules, which attract and repel each other according to sympathies and antipathies. Every mineral has the power of converting immense masses into its own nature, as we convert food into flesh and blood. The mountains are the respiratory organs of the globe! The schists are the organs of secretion; the mineral veins are *abscesses*; and the metals are products of disease, for which reason, most of them

have a repulsive smell."—*Patrin. Dict. d'Histoire Naturelle.*

"All is done by polarization."—*Oken.*

#### THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

A MODEL to illustrate the nature and powers of this machine has lately been exhibited to the Edinburgh Society of Arts. The model consists of a wooden chest about five feet long, three feet wide, three feet deep at the one end, and one foot at the other. The width and depth in this model are those which would probably be found suitable in a working machine; but it will be understood that the length in the machine may be a hundred or a thousand miles, and is limited to five feet in the model merely for convenience. Thirty copper wires extend from end to end of the chest, and are kept apart from each other. At one end (which, for distinction's sake, we shall call the south end) they are fastened to a horizontal line of wooden keys, precisely similar to those of a pianoforte; at the other, or north end, they terminate close to thirty small apertures equally distributed in six rows of five each, over a screen of three feet square, which forms the end of the chest. Under these apertures on the outside are painted in black paint upon a white ground the twenty-six letters of the alphabet, with the necessary points, the colon, semicolon, and full point, and an asterisk to denote the termination of a word. The letters occupy spaces about an inch square. The wooden keys at the other end have also the letters of the alphabet painted on them in the usual order. The wires serve merely for communication, and we shall now describe the apparatus by which they work.

This consists, at the south end, of a pair of plates, zinc and copper, forming a galvanic trough, placed under the keys; and at the north end of thirty steel magnets, about four inches long, placed close behind the letters painted on the screen. The magnets move horizontally on axes, and are poised within a flat ring of copper wire, formed of the ends of communicating wires. On their north ends they carry small, square bits of black paper, which project in front of the screen, and serve as opercula or covers to conceal the letters. When any wire is put in communication with the trough at the south end, the galvanic influence is instantly transmitted to the north end; and in accordance with a well-known law discovered by Oersted, the magnet at the end of that wire instantly turns round to the right or left, bearing with it the operculum of black paper, and unveiling a letter. When the key A, for instance, is pressed down with the finger at the south end, the wire attached to it is immediately put in communication with the trough; and, at the same instant, the letter A at the north end is unveiled by the magnet turning to the

right and withdrawing the operculum. When the finger is removed from the key it springs back to its place; the communication with the trough ceases; the magnet resumes its position, and the letter is again covered.

Thus, by pressing down with the finger in succession the keys corresponding to any word or name, we have the letters forming that word or name exhibited at the other end—the name Victoria, for instance, which was the maiden effort of the Telegraph. In the same way we may transmit a communication of any length, using an asterisk or cross to mark the division of one word from another, and the comma, semicolon, or full point, to mark breaks in a sentence, or its close. No proper experiment was made, while we were present, to determine the time necessary for this species of communication; but we have reason to believe that the letters might be exhibited almost as rapidly as a compositor could set them up in types. Even one-half or one-third of this speed, however, would answer perfectly well.

Galvanism, it is well known, requires a complete circuit for its operation. You must not only carry a wire to the place you mean to communicate with, but you must bring it back again to the trough. Aware of this, our first impression was, that each letter and mark would require two wires, and the machine, in these circumstances, having sixty wires instead of thirty, its bulk, and the complication of its parts, would have been much increased. This difficulty has been obviated, however, by a simple and happy contrivance. Instead of the return wires extending from the magnet back to the keys, they are cut short at the distance of three inches from the magnet, and all join a transverse copper rod, from which a single wire passes back to the trough, and serves for the whole letters. The telegraph, in this way, requires only thirty-one wires. We may also mention, that the communication between the keys and the trough is made by a long, narrow basin filled with mercury, into which the end of the wire is plunged when the key is pressed down with the finger.

The telegraph, thus constructed, operates with ease and accuracy, as many gentlemen can witness. The term model, which we have employed, is in some respects a misnomer. It is the actual machine, with all its essential parts, and merely circumscribed as to length by the necessity of keeping it in a room of limited dimensions. About twenty gentlemen, including some of the most eminent men of science in Edinburgh, have subscribed a memorial stating their high opinion of the merits of the invention, and expressing their readiness to act as a committee for conducting experiments upon a greater scale, in order fully to test its practicability. This ought to be a public concern. A machine which would repeat in Edinburgh words spo-

ken in London, three or four minutes after they were uttered, and continue the communication for any length of time, by night or by day, and with the rapidity which has been described—such a machine reveals a new power, whose stupendous effects upon society no effort of the most vigorous imagination can anticipate.—*Scotsman*.

### New Books.

LOCKHART'S LIFE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

(Continued from page 223.)

#### Scott's advice to his second Son.

"You ask me about reading history. You are quite right to read Clarendon—his style is a little long-winded; but, on the other hand, his characters may match those of the ancient historians, and one thinks they would know the very men if you were to meet them in society. Few English writers have the same precision, either in describing the actors in great scenes, or the deeds which they performed. He was, you are aware, himself deeply engaged in the scenes which he depicts, and therefore colours them with the individual feeling, and sometimes, doubtless, with the partiality of a partisan. Yet I think he is, on the whole, a fair writer; for though he always endeavours to excuse King Charles, yet he points out his mistakes and errors, which certainly were neither few nor of slight consequence. Some of his history regards the country in which you are now a resident; and you will find that much of the fate of that Great Civil War turned on the successful resistance made by the city of Gloucester, and the relief of that place by the Earl of Essex, by means of the trained bands of London, a sort of force resembling our local militia or volunteers. They are the subject of ridicule in all the plays and poems of the time; yet the sort of practice of arms which they had acquired, enabled them to withstand the charge of Prince Rupert and his gallant cavalry, who were then foiled for the first time. Read, my dear Charles, read, and read that which is useful. Man only differs from birds and beasts, because he has the means of availing himself of the knowledge acquired by his predecessors. The swallow builds the same nest which its father and mother built; and the sparrow does not improve by the experience of its parents. The son of the learned pig, if it had one, would be a mere brute, fit only to make bacon of. It is not so with the human race. Our ancestors lodged in caves and wigwags, where we construct palaces for the rich, and comfortable dwellings for the poor; and why is this—but because our eye is enabled to look back upon the past, to improve upon our ancestors' improve-

ments, and to avoid their errors? This can only be done by studying history, and comparing it with passing events. God has given you a strong memory and the power of understanding that which you give your mind to with attention—but all the advantage to be derived from these qualities must depend on your own determination to avail yourself of them, and improve them to the uttermost. That you should do so will be the greatest satisfaction I can receive in my advanced life, and when my thoughts must be entirely turned on the success of my children."

#### Reprints of the Novels.

In a letter from Constable, in 1822, after returning to the progress of Peveril of the Peak, under 10,000 copies of which, (or nearly that number,) Ballantyne's presses were now groaning, and glancing gaily to the prospect of their being kept regularly employed to the same extent until three other novels, as yet unchristened, had followed Peveril, he adds a summary of what was then, had just been, or what was about to be, the amount of occupation furnished to the same office by reprints of older works of the same pen:—"a summary," he exclaims, "to which I venture to say, there will be no rival in our day!" And well might Constable say so; for the result is, that James Ballantyne and Co, had just executed, or were on the eve of executing, by his order—

A new edition of Sir W. Scott's Poetical Works, in 10 vols. (miniature),	5,000 copies.
Novels and Tales, 12 vols. ditto	5,000
Historical Romances, 6 vols. ditto	5,000
Poetry from Waverley, &c., 1 vol. 12mo.,	5,000
Paper required	7,772 reams.

Volumes produced from Ballantyne's presses, 145,000! To which we may safely add from 30,000 to 40,000 volumes more as the immediate produce of the author's daily industry within the space of twelve months.

#### Visit of George the Fourth to Scotland.

About noon of the 14th of August 1822, the royal yacht and the attendant vessels of war cast anchor in the Roads of Leith; but although Scott's ballad-prologue had entreated the clergy to "warble for a sunny day," the weather was so unpropitious that it was found necessary to defer the landing until the 15th. In the midst of the rain, however, Sir Walter rowed off to the Royal George; and, says the newspaper of the day,—

"When his arrival alongside the yacht was announced to the King,—'What!' exclaimed His Majesty, 'Sir Walter Scott! The man in Scotland I most wish to see! Let him come up.' This distinguished Baronet then ascended the ship, and was presented to the King on the quarter-deck, where, after an appropriate speech in the

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name of the ladies of Edinburgh, he presented His Majesty with a St. Andrew's Cross, in silver, which his fair subjects had provided for him.\* The King, with evident marks of satisfaction, made a gracious reply to Sir Walter, received the gift in the most kind and condescending manner, and promised to wear it in public, in token of acknowledgment to the fair donors."

To this record let me add, that, on receiving the poet on the quarter-deck, His Majesty called for a bottle of Highland whisky, and having drunk his health in this national liquor, desired a glass to be filled for him. Sir Walter, after draining his own bumper, made a request that the King would condescend to bestow on him the glass out of which His Majesty had just drunk his health; and this being granted, the precious vessel was immediately wrapt up and carefully deposited in what he conceived to be the safest part of his dress. So he returned with it to Castle-street; but—to say nothing at this moment of graver distractions—on reaching his house he found a guest established there of a sort rather different from the usual visitors of the time. The poet Crabbe, to whom he had been introduced when last in London, by Mr. Murray, of Albemarle-street, after repeatedly promising to follow up the acquaintance by an excursion to the north, had at last arrived in the midst of these tumultuous preparations for the royal advent. Notwithstanding all such impediments, he found his quarters ready for him, and Scott entering, wet and hurried, embraced the venerable man with brotherly affection. The royal gift was forgotten—the ample skirt of the coat within which it had been packed, and which he had hitherto held cautiously in front of his person, slipped back to its more usual position—he sat down beside Crabbe, and the glass was crushed to atoms. His scream and gesture made his wife conclude that he had sat down on a pair of scissors, or the like; but very little harm had been done except the breaking of the glass, of which alone he had been thinking. This was a damage not to be repaired: as for the scratch that accompanied it, its scar was of no great consequence, as even when mounting the "*cat-duth*, or battle-garment" of the Celtic Club, he adhered, like his hero Waverley, to the *trevs*.

The King at his first levee diverted many, and delighted Scott, by appearing in the full Highland garb,—the same brilliant *Steuart Tartans*, so called, in which certainly no Steuart, except Prince Charles, had ever before presented himself in the saloons of Holyrood. His Majesty's Celtic

\* This was the cross inscribed "Rìgh Albainn ga brath," about which Scott wrote to Terry on the 31st of July.

toilette had been carefully watched and assisted by the gallant Laird of Garth, who was not a little proud of the result of his dexterous manipulations of the royal plaid, and pronounced the King, "a vera pretty man." And he did look a most stately and imposing person in that beautiful dress—but his satisfaction therein was cruelly disturbed, when he discovered, towering and blazing among and above the genuine Glen-garries and Macleods and MacGregors, a figure even more portly than his own, equipped, from a sudden impulse of loyal ardour, in an equally complete set of the self-same conspicuous Steuart Tartans:—

"He caught Sir William Curtis in a kilt—  
While through'd the chiefs of every Highland clan  
To hail their brother, Vich Ian Alderman."\*

In truth, this portentous apparition cast an air of ridicule and caricature over the whole of Sir Walter's Celtified pageantry. A sharp little bailie from Aberdeen, who had previously made acquaintance with the worthy Guildhall Baronet, and tasted the turtle-soup of his voluptuous yacht, tortured him as he sailed down the long gallery of Holyrood, by suggesting that, after all, his costume was not quite perfect. Sir William, who had been rigged out, as the auctioneers' advertisements say, "regardless of expense," exclaimed that he must be mistaken—begged he would explain his criticism—and as he spoke threw a glance of admiration on a *skene dhu* (black knife), which, like a true "warrior, and hunter of deer," he wore stuck into one of his garters. "Oo ay—so ay," quoth the Aberdonian; "the knife's a' right, mon—but faar's your speen?"—(where's your spoon?) Such was Scott's story, but whether he "gave it a cocked-hat and walking-cane," in the hope of restoring the King's good-humour, so grievously shaken by this heroic *doppel-ganger*, it is not very necessary to inquire.

\* Byron's Age of Bronze.

### The Gatherer.

*Madness of Party.*—The true policy of a statesman is to ascertain and to meet the *existing* wants of the community. He who acts on any other system may be qualified to count beads in a cell, but not to mix in this ever-changing world, far less to attempt the management of its weighty interests.—(A maxim of sound and enlightened policy, from the *Spectator* newspaper.)

*Immense Cabbage and Turnip.*—The editor of the *Glasgow Argus* states:—There are at present in our office, for the inspection of the curious in horticultural matters, a colossal cabbage, and a no less colossal Swedish turnip, sent us by a friend in the neighbourhood, as Goldsmith sent a cut of his venison to Reynolds—"to paint it or eat

it, just as he liked best." The cabbage weighs 53 pounds, and measures, (although considerably compressed in the packing,) two yards 15 inches in horizontal, and 1 yard 31½ inches in vertical circumference. The Swedish turnip is equally uncommon in its dimensions, measuring 28 inches in circumference, and weighing 14 pounds. The assembled *posse comitatus* of the establishment gazed in silent astonishment on these wonders when the staves of the cask were knocked from about them, until the spell was dissolved by the youngest devil sighing audibly—"Lor', they've forgot to send the beef."

**Monster Posting-bill.**—Mr. Halstead, stationer, of Somers Town, has just received from his son in America a posting-bill, printed at the double Mammoth printing-press, the largest in the world—of the following extraordinary dimensions: viz. eleven feet by six feet six inches. The entire impression is taken at once, though the sheet is composed of six pieces. R. R.

**Waterloo.**—The lively author of *A Summer in Germany* writes:—A picture amused me very much, the subject the interior of a cottage at St. Jean, after the battle of Waterloo. A group in the foreground represents a young man who had been wounded, stretched on the floor, and while his wounds are being dressed a young girl is assisting and bending over him with anxious looks. There are several other sufferers scattered about: and so far, so good. But in the back ground, full before the eyes, appears a most unpicturesque object—a regular French bed, with white dimity curtains, and therein comfortably ensconced between the blankets, well tucked in, and with a very becoming nightcap, is seen a gentleman with his head on his down pillow, and the clothes arranged under his chin in a most interesting manner. "Who is that gentleman lying so snug in his French bed?" I asked Guillaume. "Oh, that is Milord Anglesey after his leg was taken off; they could not put him on the ground like the others, *un milord! Vous concevez.*"

**Sugar Plums.**—Starch of an inferior quality is used in the manufacture of hard confectionary, such as lozenges, sugar plums, and similar articles. Those which are sold about the streets, (says a writer in the *Magazine of Popular Science*), and made "for the use of schools," are generally composed of the offal of starch works, mixed with plaster of Paris, pipe-clay, or chalk, and as little sugar as is able to give them a palatable sweetness; but what is worse is, they are often coloured with red lead, verdigris, gamboge, and other mineral poisons. A species of refined liquorice, manufactured for the same market, is a compound of common Spanish juice, lampblack, and starch.

**Changing Seats.**—The following problem may be found in many of our elementary books of arithmetic:—A club of eight persons agreed to dine together every day as long as they could sit down to table differently arranged. How many dinners would be necessary to complete such an arrangement? *Answer.* By the well known rule of permutation, it will be found that the whole party must live 110 years and 170 days, and must eat 362,880 dinners. So rapidly does the sum roll up on this process, that if the party had consisted of one more person, they would have had 443,520 dinners to get through; and if ten persons were to enter into the compact, it would be necessary for them in order to complete their task, to live long enough to devour 3,628,800 dinners.—*Dublin General Advertiser.*

**Philidor, the Celebrated Chess-Player.**—Andre Dunican Philidor was born at Dreux, near Paris, in 1726. His grandfather was a hautboy-player at the court of Louis the Thirteenth. An Italian musician named Philidor, was admired at that court for his performance on the same instrument; and after his departure, the king gave Mr. Dunican the *sobriquet* or nick name of Philidor, which has still remained in the family. His father, and several of his brothers belonged to the band of Louis the Fourteenth and Fifteenth. At six years of age he was admitted among the children of the Chapel Royal, at Versailles, where being obliged to attend daily, he had an opportunity of learning chess from the musicians in waiting, of whom there were about eighty. M. de Kermui, Sire de Legalle, who is still living, and was then near forty years of age, was esteemed the best chess-player in France, and young Philidor sought every opportunity of receiving his instructions, by which he improved so essentially that three years after, M. de Legalle, though still his master, was not able to allow him any advantage. M. de Legalle once asked him whether he had ever tried to play by memory, without seeing the board? Philidor replied, that as he had calculated moves, and even whole games at night in bed, he thought he could do it, and immediately played a game with the Abbe Chenard, which he won without seeing the board, and without hesitating upon any of the moves. This was a circumstance much spoken of in Paris, and in consequence, he often repeated this method of playing.—*New York Mirror.*

Many by wit get wealth, but none by wealth purchase wit.

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